

973.7L63

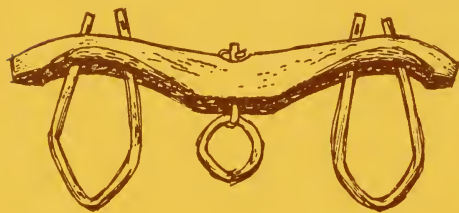
DT79a

Tucker, Beverley

Address To The People Of The United  
States

LINCOLN ROOM

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS  
LIBRARY



MEMORIAL

*the Class of 1901*

*founded by*

HARLAN HOYT HORNER

*and*

HENRIETTA CALHOUN HORNER





ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE  
OF THE UNITED STATES

*By* BEVERLEY TUCKER

1865



# Emory University Publications

## *Sources & Reprints*

### SERIES V

---

#### EDITORIAL COMMITTEE

THOMAS H. ENGLISH, *Editor in Chief*

RICHARD B. HARWELL, *Associate Editor*

MARGARET JEMISON, *University Librarian*

OSBORNE R. QUAYLE, *Chairman, University  
Research Committee*

*Mail address* THE EMORY UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

EMORY UNIVERSITY, GEORGIA



# Emory

## SOURCES & REPRINTS

---

Reproducing rare manuscript and printed materials in the Emory University Library, edited by members of the University faculty. Limited editions. Annual subscription, three numbers, two dollars; single issues, seventy-five cents each.

### SERIES I, 1943

1. LETTERS OF GENERAL J. E. B. STUART TO HIS WIFE, 1861 [*out of print*]
2. THE DIARY OF YOUNG J. ALLEN, 1859-1860 [*out of print*]
3. THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOSEPH ADDISON TURNER, 1826-1868

### SERIES II, 1944

1. A DIARY-LETTER WRITTEN FROM THE METHODIST GENERAL CONFERENCE OF 1844 BY THE REV. W. J. PARKS
2. THOMAS HOLCROFT'S A PLAIN AND SUCCINCT NARRATIVE OF THE GORDON RIOTS, LONDON, 1780
3. THE OLD PLANTATION: A POEM, BY JOSEPH ADDISON TURNER, 1862


### SERIES III, 1945

1. A METHODIST COURTSHIP: LOVE LETTERS OF JOSEPH BENSON & SARAH THOMPSON, 1779-1780
- 2 & 3. QUA: A ROMANCE OF THE REVOLUTION, BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS [*double number, price \$1.00*]

### SERIES IV, 1947

1. KING LINKUM THE FIRST, BY JOHN HILL HEWITT, 1863
2. CAPTURE AND ESCAPE OF GENERAL JOHN H. MORGAN, BY SAMUEL C. REID, JR., 1864
3. AZILIA: A DISCOURSE, BY SIR ROBERT MONTGOMERY, 1717





Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2012 with funding from  
University of Illinois Urbana-Champaign

Headquarters, United States Forces,  
Athens, Ga., May 9th, 1865.

**\$360,000 REWARD !**

---

**THE PRESIDENT  
OF THE UNITED STATES**

HAS ISSUED HIS PROCLAMATION announcing that the Bureau of Military Justice have reported upon indubitable evidence, that

**JEFFERSON DAVIS,  
Clement Clay. Jacob Thompson.**

**GEORGE N. SAUNDERS:  
BEVERLEY TUCKER AND W. C. CLEARY,**

incited and concerted the assassination of Mr. Lincoln and the attempt on Mr. Seward.  
He therefore offers for the arrest of Davis, Clay and Thompson, One Hundred Thousand Dollars each; for that of Saunders and Tucker, Twenty-Five Thousand Dollars each, and for that of Cleary, Ten Thousand Dollars.

By command of

Henry Mc. Mitchell, Jr., Capt. & A. A. G.

Brig Gen. W. M. J. PALMER, Com'dg.

ADDRESS OF BEVERLEY TUCKER, ESQ.,  
TO  
THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES  
1865

*Edited by*  
JAMES HARVEY YOUNG  
*Associate Professor of History*



THE LIBRARY  
EMORY UNIVERSITY  
ATLANTA, GEORGIA  
1948

COPYRIGHT 1948  
THE EMORY UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

HIGGINS-McARTHUR COMPANY, *Typographers & Printers*, ATLANTA, GEORGIA

## INTRODUCTION

CERTAINLY the assassination of Lincoln is one of the most tragic themes in America's greatest of tragedies. War looses man's deepest passions, the most sublime loyalty, the most diabolical hatred, the most confused amalgam of pseudo-loyalty and perverted hatred. To compound the confusion and exaggerate the bitterness, this war, all but over when Lincoln was shot on April 14, 1865, was a brothers' war. Nor had war hatreds confined themselves to North for South and South for North. Within the North, Lincoln had been assailed viciously by Copperhead and Radical alike, and state-rights Southerners had castigated Davis for his alleged tyranny. It is little wonder that Lincoln's death should have stirred up the cauldron of seething passions.

The assassination theme has overtones of unjustifiable accusation and outraged innocence. One Northerner stationed in South Carolina correctly predicted: "... the honest belief of Lincoln's friends that their enemies, domestic or rebel, instigated and approved the deed, and the indignation of those opposed to him who had nothing to do with the murder at the false accusations, will both be sources of evil."<sup>1</sup> The instant and inevitable Northern reaction to the news of Lincoln's murder was the conviction that the Confederacy, with the war lost, had made a last desperate stroke of retaliation. Some believed that the South expected to continue war, at least guerrilla war, profiting by the confusion at Lincoln's death. That Secretary of State Seward was attacked simultaneously by a would-be assassin lent credibility to the idea of a great conspiracy, which rumor soon magnified to include designs against the lives of Vice-President Johnson, the entire Cabinet, and General Grant. The turbulent pursuit of the small band of actual conspirators and the twelve days elapsing before the discovery and shooting of John Wilkes Booth, the assassin, encouraged the wildest speculation and conjecture in conversation and in press.

Secretary of War Stanton was persuaded that the Confederate leaders were implicated in the assassination plot. His suspicions were bolstered with data furnished by the Bureau of Military Justice, headed by the Judge-Advocate General, Joseph Holt. In a time of less overwrought passions and to men less affected by the prevailing hysteria, the evidence would have been suspect, as indeed it was even then regarded by at least one cabinet member.<sup>2</sup> Holt had in his files clippings from Con-

<sup>1</sup> John C. Gray, Jr., to John C. Ropes, cited without date in Carl Sandburg, *Abraham Lincoln: The War Years* (New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company, 1939), Vol. IV, p. 339.

<sup>2</sup> *Diary of Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy under Lincoln and Johnson* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1911), Vol. II, p. 300. Welles stated in cabinet meeting that "if there was proof of the complicity of those men, as stated there was, they certainly ought to be arrested, and that reward was proper, but I had no facts."

federate papers indicating the willingness of certain Southerners to undertake the task of assassinating Northern leaders. He was besieged by a host of informers who would testify to anything in exchange for money, and he was credulous or worse in accepting the perjured tales, supported by faked affidavits, which linked Booth with Confederate agents in Canada and charged the adherence of Davis and his associates to the conspiracy.<sup>3</sup> A predisposition toward believing the Confederate agents in Canada culpable was natural in view of their wartime border activities: raids or abortive raids to free Confederate prisoners, to seize ships, to burn and pillage a Vermont village, and to set fire to hotels in New York City.

In the midst of nation-wide excitement and on the basis of such shaky evidence given warrant only by emotional conviction, the Cabinet authorized President Johnson on May 2, 1865, to issue a proclamation. ". . . it appears from evidence in the Bureau of Military Justice," it read, that the murder of Lincoln and the attack on Seward "were incited, concerted, and procured by and between Jefferson Davis . . ., Jacob Thompson, Clement C. Clay, Beverl[e]y Tucker, George N. Sanders, William C. Cleary, and other rebels and traitors against the Government of the United States, harbored in Canada."<sup>4</sup> \$100,000 was offered for the arrest of Davis, \$10,000 for Cleary, Clay's clerk, and \$25,000 each for the other conspirators. This proclamation was sent broadcast throughout the land. On May 8 the general in command at Macon, Georgia, communicated its message to the generals at Atlanta and Augusta, adding: "Publish this in hand-bill; circulate everywhere . . ."<sup>5</sup>

So began the crescendo of unjustifiable accusation. It was to increase in volume as the actual conspirators were being tried by a military commission, before which accepted rules of evidence and civil safeguards were not employed. It was to decline as public lust for vengeance incited by the assassination subsided with time and with revulsion at the apparent miscarriage of justice in the execution of a woman. It was to rise again and take a new and ironic tone.

Johnson, outraged and appalled by Lincoln's death, had asserted that treason must be made odious, that the gallows must be the reward for

<sup>3</sup> Holt in a letter to Stanton, January 18, 1866, summed up the nature of the evidence against Davis and the Confederate Canadian agents. U. S. War Department, *The War of the Rebellion: A Compilation of the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies*, Series II, Vol. VIII, pp. 847-67. Holt, in another letter to Stanton, July 3, 1866, admitted that much of the evidence was fraudulent and sought to justify his gullibility. *Ibid.*, pp. 931-45. Much has been written on this problem. See, for example, Clara A. Laughlin, *The Death of Lincoln* (New York: Doubleday, Page & Company, 1909), pp. 203-10, and David Miller Dewitt, *The Impeachment and Trial of Andrew Johnson* (New York: The Macmillan Co., 1903), pp. 137-42.

<sup>4</sup> *Official Records: Armies*, Series I, Vol. XLIX, pt. 2, pp. 566-67.

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 665-66.



Davis and his co-conspirators. His spirit of bitter revenge was transitory. Sobered by public reaction against the military tribunal, impressed with the need of rapid and orderly restoration of the Union, Johnson rapidly matured to a magnanimity approaching that of Lincoln. His reconstruction policies, built on Lincolnian foundations, did not seek vengeance on all Southerners nor establish military rule over them. Johnson sought to restore governmental participation by Southern states in a manner similar to that of normal state-making. To a group of Republicans, the Radicals, whose political supremacy was threatened by a return to Congress of Southern Democrats, Johnson became anathema: the Radicals opposed both the executive methods and the generous spirit by which the President sought to effect his reconstruction plan. Thus was precipitated the "age of hate." Among many defamatory charges levelled by the Radicals against Johnson was the allegation that he had been privy to the plot leading to Lincoln's assassination. So President Johnson was to find himself accused in 1867 by the congressional Radicals desiring his impeachment of implication in the same crime with which the Confederate Beverley Tucker sought to associate him in 1865.<sup>6</sup>

Tucker's *Address . . . to the People of the United States* eloquently expresses the feeling of outraged innocence with which the overwhelmed Confederacy responded to the accusation directed against President Davis and his Canadian agents. Tucker, like other Southern leaders, felt a sense of profound shock at the word of Lincoln's death. The Confederate leaders during the war had rejected a proposal to abduct Lincoln—which also had been Booth's original intention—for fear the plan might miscarry and lead to his death. Davis, Lee, Johnston, and others had been impressed with Lincoln's avowed desire for charitable peacemaking, and realized full well that his murder would irreparably harm reconciliation. Johnson had been hated in the South with especial venom; now he was President and was calling treason the most enormous of crimes. The indignation of innocence forced Tucker to appeal his case to public opinion and to level his counter-charge against Johnson.

A striking feature of Tucker's *Address* is his consideration of Lincoln's

<sup>6</sup> Tucker in writing to Jefferson Davis, July 1, 1867, disavowed the fact that his *Address* had been aimed at "flinging back the charge upon Andrew Johnson himself." Tucker explained: "I *honestly suspected* him. . . . I had then many things to *justify* that suspicion. What I intended however was only to draw the lead *very fine* on him, in showing that by all the rules of testimony,—*circumstantial* testimony, I mean,—suspicion of *complicity*, in the assassination, attached much *more strongly*, to him, than to *any one* of the parties named in his proclamation. . . ." Dunbar Rowland, editor, *Jefferson Davis, Constitutionalist, His Letters, Papers and Speeches* (Jackson: Mississippi Department of Archives and History, 1923), Vol. VII, p. 118. The incident of Booth's card in the hotel box of Johnson's secretary, which Tucker stressed so heavily, remains a matter of some mystery. Was it left by Booth or by his co-conspirator Atzerodt, to whom was assigned the job of killing Johnson, a task for which he could not summon sufficient nerve? Was it directed to Johnson and accidentally placed in the adjoining box of his secretary? Was the card intended to cast suspicion on Johnson? The assassination plot has been the subject of much tedious and fruitless speculation.



death in terms of motive, and the ingenious logic by which he eliminates leaders and people, North and South, finally to point the accusing finger at the figure with most manifest motive, Lincoln's heir apparent. Also significant in the *Address* is the respectful tone with which Tucker writes of Lincoln. Such a spirit among Confederates boded well for a speedy and successful reknitting of the torn fabric of Union, had the "humane and kindly qualities" with which Tucker properly credited Lincoln been permitted to characterize reconstruction policy. Unfortunately for the nation, this was not to be.

Tucker, nearing forty-five years of age when forced into such unwelcome notoriety, had been born and educated in Virginia.<sup>7</sup> Through the influence of John Y. Mason, Secretary of the Navy under Tyler, he had secured a government contract to manufacture shot and shell at Columbia, Virginia, during the Mexican War. This work took him frequently to Washington and brought him into association with many influential governmental figures. After the Mexican War he moved to Washington, where he advocated claims before Congress and various federal departments, edited the *Washington Sentinel* from 1853 to 1856, and played an active role in politics, especially supporting the candidacies of Presidents Pierce and Buchanan. Buchanan appointed Tucker in 1857 to the post of consul in Liverpool.

A Virginian with the objectivity provided by foreign residence, Tucker initially opposed secession and war. He wrote letters to prominent Southerners and to his friends outlining the disadvantages which would accrue to the South, especially European opposition to slavery, in a war with the North, and suggesting that better terms might be made in the Union than out of it. When Virginia became involved, however, like other eminent residents of that state, he wholeheartedly cast his lot with the Confederacy.

Returning to Virginia through Canada and the Northwest, Tucker briefly served in the Confederate Army, then went again to Europe on an abortive mission to secure supplies for the Confederacy. Again he returned to Virginia and served in the home guard around Richmond until requested by President Davis to go to Canada on an important mission in 1864. The main aim of his venture seems to have been to arrange an exchange of bacon, which the Confederacy needed, for cotton, which the Union wanted. Tucker later told his wife that Lincoln was agreeable to such an exchange and that representatives from the Union came to Canada and engaged in protracted and successful nego-

<sup>7</sup> The sketch of Tucker's career is based primarily upon Jane Ellis Tucker, *Beverley Tucker. A Memoir by His Wife* ([Richmond: The Frank Baptist Printing Co., 189-]). See also Katharine Elizabeth Crane, "Tucker, Nathaniel Beverley," *Dictionary of American Biography* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1928-1936), Vol. XIX (1936), pp. 37-38. Tucker was born June 8, 1820, and died July 4, 1890. He must be distinguished from Nathaniel Beverley Tucker, the novelist.

tations, under the terms of which the bacon was to be delivered to Mobile and paid for in cotton. That some such agreement was indeed consummated is attested to by J. B. Jones, the "rebel war clerk" who noted in his diary on October 31, 1864, that Tucker had made a contract for the Confederacy "with \_\_\_\_\_ & Co., of New York, to deliver bacon for cotton, pound for pound. It was made by authority of the Secretary of War, certified by Hon. C. C. Clay and J. Thompson, both in Canada. The Secretary of the Treasury don't like it."<sup>8</sup> The war was too near its end for the terms of the contract to be carried out.

Clay and Thompson were aware of Tucker's main mission. Whether or not he was cognizant of theirs is not clear. Though Tucker admitted frequent association with the Confederate agents who dealt with the Northern Copperheads and sponsored the border raids, he denied he was apprised of their activities. "Now, gentlemen, *I* am on a peaceful mission," he insisted, as he later reported to his wife, "which can be best attended to by my taking part in nothing else. It is, therefore, my request that you should not even inform me what you are engaged in."<sup>9</sup> On the other hand, Clay in writing to Secretary of State Benjamin on August 11, 1864, expressed his debt to Tucker for his "earnest and active aid" in promoting the aims of the Clay-Thompson mission.<sup>10</sup> And Union General Halleck, in May 1865, found a letter from Tucker at Richmond with what he regarded as "suspicious" enclosures which might "throw light on the Canadian plot and its connection with rebel authorities here."<sup>11</sup>

Tucker sent his pamphlet "to every part of the world, whither I had been, or was known."<sup>12</sup> Despite the knowledge of his innocence, his extensive efforts to proclaim it, and the withdrawal of the reward for his arrest in November 1865,<sup>13</sup> Tucker never felt entirely free of suspicion. He did not return to the United States until 1872, after wandering unprofitably in England, Mexico, and Canada. In Washington he resumed his role of pressing claims upon Congress, and he might have felt the past had been buried but for an unfortunate episode in 1889. Secretary of State Blaine appointed Tucker as the Democratic member of a commission to Haiti, and this news was released to the press by President Harrison. But at the eleventh hour Harrison reversed himself and withdrew Tucker's appointment. Lack of harmony between Blaine and Harrison may have been partly responsible; the most valid reason

<sup>8</sup> J. B. Jones, *A Rebel War Clerk's Diary at the Confederate States Capital* (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co., 1866), Vol. II, pp. 319-20.

<sup>9</sup> Jane Ellis Tucker, *Beverley Tucker*, p. 23.

<sup>10</sup> *Official Records: Armies*, Series IV, Vol. III, p. 587.

<sup>11</sup> *Ibid.*, Series I, Vol. XLVI, pt. 3, p. 1152.

<sup>12</sup> Rowland, *Jefferson Davis*, Vol. VII, p. 118.

<sup>13</sup> *Official Records: Armies*, Series I, Vol. XLIX, pt. 2, p. 1116.

seems to have been Tucker's reputed association with the assassination plot a quarter of a century in the past.<sup>14</sup> Revived by a newspaper correspondent, telegraphed throughout the country, this false tale still had political weight, and Harrison doubtless feared the wavers of the bloody shirt. In a year, with his sense of outraged innocence not yet appeased, Tucker died.

\* \* \* \*

THE PAMPHLET: Tucker's *Address* was first printed in pamphlet form from the text as it had been prepared for the *Montreal Gazette*. The original issue is sewed without wrappers and bears the cover-title: Address / Of / Beverley Tucker, Esq., / To / The People of the United States / With / Appendix / Relating To / President Johnson's / Proclamation / Of 2nd May, 1865. / [bar] / Montreal: / M. Longmoore & Co., Printers. / [bar] / 1865. The pamphlet runs to forty-four pages including the cover-title. It measures 12.1 x 8.4 cm.

The *Address* was reprinted in part (the portion of the appendix relating to Sanders and Clay being omitted) as the appendix to Mrs. Jane Ellis Tucker's memoir of her husband which was privately printed in Richmond in the eighteen-nineties as *Beverley Tucker. A Memoir by his Wife*. Mrs. Tucker's memoir was designed solely for family distribution and has never been widely available.

The degree of rarity of the original issue is indeterminate. Only one copy is recorded as having been sold at auction—on January 19, 1932. Of four copies listed in American libraries only those at Duke University and Emory can now be located.

THE BROADSIDE: The "Reward" broadside which is reproduced as the frontispiece of this pamphlet is the sole known survivor of a printing that must have run into the hundreds at least. This particular poster was issued at Athens, Georgia. Similar broadsides were distributed from many other points. The original is crudely printed on thin paper which still bears paste marks from the sixties. Its overall measurements are 49 x 40 cm.

No other copy of this notice has been recorded. It does not appear in auction records or in any Confederate bibliography. Its importance as an historical document is merely as evidence of the promulgation before the people of the South of the contents of the proclamation of May 2. As a collector's item, however, it has especial interest as the end-piece of a Confederate collection or as the first item of a Reconstruction collection.

July 1948

<sup>14</sup> Jane Ellis Tucker, *Beverley Tucker*, pp. 49-51; Rayford W. Logan, *The Diplomatic Relations of the United States with Haiti, 1776-1891* (Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press, 1941), pp. 425-27.







## ADDRESS

*Of BEVERLEY TUCKER, ESQ., to the People of the United States,  
with Appendix relating to President Johnson's Proclamation  
of 2nd May, 1865.*

---

TO THE EDITOR, MONTREAL GAZETTE

---

SIR, — I will feel very much obliged by the insertion of the following letter "To the People of the United States."

I am, very respectfully,

Yours,

BEVERLEY TUCKER.

May 19, 1865.

---

MONTREAL, May 19, 1865.

TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES:

The proclamation of Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, bearing date 2nd May, 1865, is my justification for addressing you this circular. It is addressed alike to friends and foes. I have many of the former, whom the associations of other and happier years have warmly endeared to me; and I am proud to believe I have done nothing to forfeit their respect and esteem. To the latter, I can only say, that if the bitterness of their enmity is measured by my zeal, fidelity and devotion to my native State, and her sister Sovereignities, it is well deserved; I bear it with grateful composure.

This proclamation advertises me to the world as a projector and accomplice in the assassination of President Lincoln, and the attempt upon Secretary Seward and his son; and a price is set upon my head! As no man, however, great or humble, can rest under so grave a charge without reply and refutation, so no man, however high in official position, or lowly in private station, can hope to escape the strictest investigation of such a charge, or evade the severest scrutiny into the motives which prompted it. He, at least, who charges *me* with such a crime, must expect to be dealt with as a *man*, not a potentate—an *individual*, not the chief magistrate of a once great and Christian country. He who thanks God, in the presence of the representatives of the nations of the earth and his assembled countrymen, and in his public speeches rejoices that he is a "plebian" and a "demagogue," shall not with impunity brand *me* as a criminal. Before Him who knoweth the secrets of all hearts, and before the pure and elevated tribunal of Christendom, I fearlessly denounce him, in all his mighty panoply of power, in the plenitude of my own conscious innocence, a wicked and wilful libeller. He shall not escape me by the dastardly attempt to throw the responsibility on the supple tools, the venal minions,

in his employ. *Qui facit per alium, facit per se*. I intend to strike at the head, not at the tail; and if God spares my life, Andrew Johnson, and not I, shall go down to a dishonored grave. But it is not for myself alone that I have essayed to breast the tide of popular tumult, and now strive to evoke from it one ray of human reason. He has charged with complicity in the death of Mr. Lincoln one whose very name is a synonym of honor; whose fair fame, even in the bitterness of our fallen fortunes, the breath of disparagement has never clouded. His patient toil; enduring and Christian spirit; his admirable State papers, and the magnanimity and clemency exercised towards his public enemies when within his power, have challenged the admiration and wonder of the world. Indeed, it is not too much to assert, that his persistent resistance to all entreaties to retaliate for the innumerable outrages of the enemy upon the people and troops of the South, was one of the chief causes of a partial unpopularity which grew up in the last two years of his administration.

Fearing to mete out the punishment of what he falsely names the treason of this true patriot and statesman, Andrew Johnson's little soul seeks to suborn witnesses, and otherwise to obstruct the course of justice by a packed military court. He proclaims to the world that Jefferson Davis is the instigator of the death of Abraham Lincoln! and offers from his bankrupt coffers the sum of one hundred thousand dollars for his head. It would have been a curious study for an unseen observer, skilled in physiognomy and a knowledge of the human character, to have contemplated the countenance of this "counterfeit presentment" of a *President*, as he traced the lines which seek to consign this noble and brave gentleman to an ignominious death.

Let him therefore beware, that, in proving him to be a slanderer, we do not drive him an affrighted defender of himself before his own people, of the crime he attempts to fasten upon one, the latchet of whose shoes he is not worthy to unloose.

What object then—whence the motive for conspiracy for his death, when Andrew Johnson was to be his inevitable successor? Where is the record of *his* humanity, magnanimity and mercy? Does any part of his public career point to the Christian virtues of charity, forgiveness, or temperance? Let the hearths of Tennessee, made desolate by his relentless cruelty, answer! Was his character such as to commend him to the good opinion of any respectable man North or South? Let the degrading spectacle recently exhibited on the floor of the Senate Chamber answer. Nay, nay, citizens of the United States, the people of the South had no interest in the death of Abraham Lincoln. They, of all others, in the length and breadth of this Western Continent, would have been the last to desire or promote such an event. And Mr. Seward—what public man in the South did not believe him to be the only conservative adviser of President Lincoln, and of whom it is said to-day repudiates the atrocious proclamation, and that but for his illness, he would have overruled the bloodthirsty lust of his chief. Think you, he too was a fit victim for the *Southern* blade! But let us glance now



at the proof (or rather want of it) upon which he may rely for the conviction of the parties embraced in the proclamation of the President: J. Wilkes Booth has paid the penalty with his life of having been the perpetrator of the death of Mr. Lincoln. The recognition of him by so many, to whom his appearance was familiar, the manner of his death, and his dying declaration, fully attest this fact. We are therefore, charged with complicity only. In the absence or suppression of all evidence to implicate us, we are forced to confine our enquiry to the private or public motive in the heart of any man in the South, or connected with her interests, at such a crisis, to put an end to the life of Abraham Lincoln.

It is equally a maxim of common sense, and the established law of evidence, that no man will be adjudged guilty of any crime who cannot be shewn to have been in a position likely to be benefitted, in some way, by its commission—whilst the suspicion rarely fails to settle upon one of whom the contrary is established. *Cui Bono?* is the question of questions which I respectfully put to the reflecting people of the United States. What object could I, or any of those named in the proclamation, have had in desiring, much less conspiring for, the death of Mr. Lincoln? It is true he has prosecuted the war against the State, to which I deemed my highest allegiance due, with such unrelenting energy and extraordinary success, as to destroy our last hopes. But those who know him best, claimed for him humane and kindly qualities; that “would have plead like angels against the deep damnation of his taking off.” The surrender of our armies, and the general capitulation that ensued, inspired us with the hope that these properties would be exercised towards an overpowered but honorable foe, and that kindly consideration would impel him to exercise his power in healing the yet fresh bleeding wounds of our country. Indeed, it is known that several of our most eminent public men, among them Generals Lee and Johnston, partaking of this confidence, promptly declared that the death of Mr. Lincoln was a great calamity to the South.

Where, then, was the motive? Murder is never committed without a motive, either in interest, revenge, or some kindred quality of the human heart. The valorous twenty-eight, those doughty knights, who failed to capture alive, *as the interests of justice demanded they should have done*, one poor crippled youth, have sealed the only lips that could unravel this dark and mighty mystery. Did they, it has been more than once pertinently asked, act in this respect under instructions, and if not, why have they so promptly received the plaudit, “Well done, good and faithful servants.” Would it have proved *inconvenient* to any one to have had him taken with the power to speak? Alas! we can never know all that died with this daring, yet misguided young man, and we are left to grope our way among the motives of the living, to fix complicity in this fearful tragedy. I have shown, in the only way open to us at present, that this charge cannot lie against the South, or any of her right-thinking and intelligent people; and surely, the late lamentation that has gone up throughout the North, from the Kennebec to the Pacific, at the premature demise of their beloved

chief, acquits the people of that section of complicity in this. It follows, then, from this course of reasoning, that there could have been no widespread conspiracy; that the plan and perpetration were confined to a few individuals, and to no particular section of the country. Did Booth commit this fearful deed with no other motive than that which inspired the youthful Erostratus to fire the Temple of Diana at Ephesus? If so, why did he call upon Mr. Johnson, eight hours before the time fixed for his fell purpose? Did he call upon him with the design of assassinating him, as has been attempted to be shown by the newspapers in the interest of the Government? Surely none of his acts bear out the inference that he was mad enough to suppose that he could murder Mr. Johnson at two o'clock in the afternoon, and Mr. Lincoln eight hours thereafter in a public theatre. What, then, was the motive of his call, and how came Booth to address the Vice-President of the United States in words of such familiarity, showing certainly acquaintance, if not intimacy with him?

"I do not wish to disturb you, but would be glad to have an interview.  
(Signed,) J. WILKES BOOTH."

These are words of strange and mysterious import, and are not to be lightly set aside in so great a matter, as unmeaning and insignificant. Is it doubted that if Mr. Johnson were a *private* citizen, instead of the chief magistrate of the United States, seeking to despoil honourable men of their characters, and to visit upon them the ignominious death of the gallows, that he would have been among the first brought to the bar of that immaculate substitution of the indefeasible right of trial by jury, the "Military Bureau of Justice"? Is there one of all that multitude of prisoners of both sexes,—the refinement of whose tortures are made the theme of glowing recital in the northern journals—who could hope to escape conviction, with such a communication upon that very memorable day, from the confessed assassin himself? Is it impossible that Booth may have met Mr. Johnson in that lower circle they were both known to frequent, and thus have formed an intimacy which a common vice begets? Andrew Johnson, let it be borne in mind, has been noted for many years past as an almost frenzied aspirant for the Presidency. All the arts and appliances which the fruitful brain of the unscrupulous demagogue could invent and employ have been exhausted to attain this goal of his audacious ambition. After a struggle of years—and not until the States of the South, including his own, had separated themselves from all political connection with the North—did he reach the position of second civil officer of that Government. Then the prize, so long dazzling his vision, seemed within his grasp. Like Ludovico, did he touch his brow in anticipation of the encircling diadem? But the illusion was shortlived, for the public and private criticisms pervading all classes upon that most disgraceful scene of March 4th was well calculated to dampen his hopes of the realization of his long cherished aspirations, and remove farther, if not for ever, from his grasp the glittering prize. The crimson blush of mingled indignation and

shame mantled the cheeks of ambassadors, senators[,] justices, and the lesser dignitaries that witnessed the disgusting scene, while the saddest countenance in all that throng, we are told, was that of Abraham Lincoln, who, it is said, on the evening of the same day at the Inauguration Ball, declined to recognise him. The prayers of a whole people—friends and foes of President Lincoln—ascended to Heaven that his life might be preserved, and thus spare them the humiliation of having such a man to rule over them! Are we to believe that all this passed unnoticed by Andrew Johnson, and if not, is his the nature to harbour no resentments? That great master who, as if by inspiration, knew, and so faithfully delineated, the dark workings of the human heart, gives us fearful instances, where ambition, interest, and revenge have impelled men to enact like crimes, and puts in ghostly lips the fearful disclosure to the sorrowful and half suspecting son of the Danish Monarch:—

“ ’Tis given out, that sleeping in mine orchard,  
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark  
Is by a *forged* process of my death  
Rankly abused: but know, thou noble youth,  
The serpent that did sting thy father’s life,  
Now wears his crown.”

And how did it happen that Andrew Johnson, of all men fondest of demagoguing in public, should have remained quietly in his room upon the fatal evening, when to the attraction of the theatrical entertainment were to be added a wild and tumultuous demonstration at the presence of their great military hero? True, it was Good Friday, which, in most Christian countries, is only wont to be celebrated by solemn worship and holy praise. Would that the mantle of Christian charity could be extended, and that his seclusion could be ascribed to this laudable cause. And how are we to account for the mysterious and concealed manner in which the whole of the judicial examination is conducted, for the avowed purpose of ascertaining all the particulars of this dreadful tragedy, and of bringing the real culprits to justice? Why should the prosecutors, more than the alleged criminals, fear the light of day?

All this, it is true, is but hypothesis, and yet when you support it by the fact that Andrew Johnson is the only solitary individual, of the thirty-five millions of souls comprised in that land, who could possibly realize any interest or benefit from the perpetration of this deed, and that Booth was *not captured alive*, as he *unquestionably could have been*, we must educe some one more plausible, ere we wholly reject this. Dead men tell no tales, and the *wantonly* hushed voice of this unhappy man, leaves behind his bloody tragedy a fearful mystery. Certain it is, Mr. Johnson, with such a record, is entitled to no “charter illimitable as the wind, to blow on whom he please,” and especially upon those against whom he knows he has not a scintilla of unsuborned testimony.

As soon as the proclamation appeared, Mr. Sanders and myself offered



to voluntarily surrender ourselves for trial, upon terms that have not met with disfavor from even the most rabid portion of the United States press. Indeed, in several instances, the acceptance of them is pressed with much fairness and great earnestness. Nor can it reasonably be objected that we prescribed our own tribunal. The trial by jury has been set aside in your once proud republic, and all the principles of the great charter of your liberties, have been merged, in defiance of the most sacred constitutional obligations, into a worse than military despotism. A Bureau of Military Justice (God save the mark!) has been constituted, with all the damnable features of the "Star Chamber," before which are to be tried, *men whose lineage is not tainted with murder*, and whose antecedents justify no suspicion of guilt, save what an unholy revenge and gold-bought testimony furnishes. The time-honored rules of evidence are no longer extant, and it is coolly reported from Washington, with at least semi-official authority, that one witness presented himself to the Secretary of War, and stated that he was willing to appear and testify for the Government, upon the condition that he should be examined in secret, and that his name should never be made public—to which humane and reasonable proposition the Secretary of War gave his cordial assent!

The *animus* of Andrew Johnson is glaringly evinced in the composition of this court. With the exception of two, the members of this court are wholly unknown to fame. Its President is Major-General David Hunter, whose savage cruelties and wanton atrocities in his campaign in Virginia, outstripping "Butler the Beast," have made his name unsurpassingly infamous at home and throughout the civilized world. That moral *lusus naturae*, himself childless, and whom, as if in resentment for God's wise provision that monsters should not propagate their species, blackened his soul and charred his hands with the burning ruins of the homes of his own unoffending kindred, where, and among whom, he had in youth and manhood enjoyed the most elegant and lavish hospitalities. The second, the Judge Advocate, is a man—mankind I crave your pardon—a worm—little animals forgive the insult—who from his safe ambush delights to belch forth the virus of his cowardly persecutions upon those before whose noble presence his dastard spirit would quail—one whom the alphabet that spells Thersites, Squalidity and Blackguards, refuses its letters to tell us who *he* is, and hyperbole for meanness, is an ellipsis for Holt. Before such a tribunal no sane man is expected voluntarily to surrender himself for trial.

There is nothing left for me, therefore, but to endure for the present the painful position of one charged with a crime, and denied by his accusers the common privilege of the worst felon, a trial before a fair and impartial tribunal. In the letters and communications which form the appendix to this circular are contained my most solemn asseverations of my innocence and ignorance of any, and every thing connected nearly or remotely with this tragedy. I reiterate them here with all solemnity, and trust that when the fearful madness that rules the hour shall have run its

course, and the principles of constitutional liberty and free government shall reassert their empire, I shall be able, under a kind Providence, to return and show to you and to the world that whatever of confidence and esteem I have enjoyed among you, have not been unworthily bestowed.

And now one word of parting to my native State and her enduring and gallant people, and I am done. Of her and them shall even the hostile historian write *tout est perdu fors l'honneur!* It is a bitter trial to be forced to turn my back on her in this the darkest hour of her history. Not a spear of grass that points heavenwards from the graves of her noble dead, but is dearly prized by me. Not a tradition of her glorious past, that does not fill my heart with proud but sad emotions. If I may not adopt the morbid utterance of the great Venetian conspirator who is sought to be made my prototype in crime, that "the world and I have long been jangling, and cannot part on better terms than now," I may truly say, that, with such a future, life has few charms for me! Indeed I have never wished to survive the subjugation of Virginia. The work of the ruthless destroyer has laid waste her fair fields and beautiful cities; and the lovely valley of the Shenandoah, the home of my birth, and where my fathers and my kindred sleep, shall no longer bud and blossom to my enraptured vision. My humble and fervent prayers shall ever be that a just and merciful God will, in His own time, "undertake for us," and in His own way bring the "wickedness of the wicked to an end," and again "establish the just."

Respectfully,  
Your former fellow-citizen,  
BEVERLEY TUCKER.

## APPENDIX.

---

The object of the following "Appendix" is to lay before the public, whatever is pertinent in its character, preceding, as well as subsequent to, the infamous proclamation of Andrew Johnson. This plot to seek to implicate President Davis, myself and others, first declared itself in insidious and dark mutterings of newspaper correspondents—further developing into direct charges by subsidized editors, as if preparing the public mind,—and finally culminating in the proclamation itself. The proffer of Mr. Sanders and myself to surrender ourselves for trial has been contemptuously ignored; while Mr. Clay, in return for his prompt and manly note addressed to the Federal commander, is undergoing solitary confinement in a damp cell at Fortress Monroe, and probably, like Mr. Davis, "*manacled*." It will be recollected that the Confederate cruiser "*Florida*" was sunk *by accident* in Hampton Roads, and no atonement proffered. Is it impossible there may be in reserve for the civilized world, the severer shock of the wanton sacrifice of the lives of two gentlemen,—already in broken health—from the effects of an enfeebling and unhealthy incarceration?

---

MONTREAL, April 25th, 1865.

HON. HORACE GREEL[E]Y,  
New York,  
U. S. America.

SIR:—I find the following in the New York "*Tribune*," of Saturday, the 22nd ult., taken from its Washington "Occasional Correspondent."

"One of President Lincoln's last official acts was a deed of mercy towards his enemies. He expressly stated that he meant to give the leading Confederates an opportunity to leave the country. This telegram from Portland, Maine, came to Washington.

"Beverley Tucker and Jacob Thompson will be here to-morrow in disguise, to take the Steamer for Europe. What shall we do?"

"Mr. Lincoln directed the authorities to let them go. A few hours later he fell by the assassin's bullet, and beside his death-bed a member of his Cabinet countermanded that order. *Fortunately for their own lives*, Thompson and Tucker did not come to the United States, after the conspirators had murdered the only one who could have saved them from their doom."

Permit me to say in reply to this, that it has rarely been my fortune to see so much misrepresentation in so few lines. In the first place, I have never had, as the above would seem to imply, the slightest official connection with Mr. Thompson in Canada, though I am quite sure he is as free from the implied charge, as I claim myself to be. My mission here from the Confederate States is entirely free, even were it fully understood, from any objection of either the United States or Colonial Governments. Its

entire success would have involved no necessity for the slightest impingement of the Neutrality Laws of Her Majesty's Government, on the one hand, nor even a concealment of its purposes from that of the United States Government, on the other. The late President, himself, was advised of the business in which I was engaged. Both he and his Secretary of State, Mr. Seward, knew that it had no connection whatever with any Military raids or hostile expeditions into the States, from any quarter. I cannot, therefore, even as a "*leading Confederate*," permit myself to be held up before the world as a fit subject of President Lincoln's mercy, or condemnation. I have neither sought the one, nor feared the other. Educated in a school, whose political principles taught me that my *first* allegiance was due to my native State, I freely gave all that I had and loved, to what I conscientiously believed to be *her* righteous cause—and so it shall ever be—*her* people shall be my people, and *her* God my God. For this, I claim no praise, and submit to no censure.

In the second place, I have no intention to go to Europe, and if I had, certainly none to debark at any Port in that section of the United States, termed New England, where valor for the most part resides in mobs, and the patriotism of whose people oozes out, (without regard to color,) in "SUBSTITUTES." Oh, no! I never intended to go *there*. If I should, however, conclude to sail, look out for me in New York, where the manly spirit of freemen rises above all these meaner passions of the race.

The fact is, this charge that I was to go to Portland "in disguise" is one of the many absurd, sensational fabrications that are unceasingly emanating from the brain of that vulgar class of cowardly American Detectives, with which this gracious asylum of the oppressed, in obedience to the stern demand for an *obsequious* neutrality, is permitted to be infested. But let them pass—alas! they are more "sinned against, than sinning," and unhappily *must eat*, albeit, it is at the expense of false inventions, caring nothing whose character is maligned, so it be a "Rebel's."

But if the attack upon me had only this extent, I should not have troubled you with this notice of it. There is contained in the last paragraph, a latent, but not the less offensive, inuendo [*sic*] that I was either a party to, or cognizant of, the tragedy that has thrown your country into such grief and wide-spread lamentation. This insinuation *I repel with unaffected indignation and scorn*, come from whatsoever source it may; and I feel that I do not rely in vain upon you, by asking a place in your columns for its refutation. I have not forgotten you, Sir, as the fearless and humane pioneer of a Peace, upon terms not intended to be degrading to the South; and I will not believe you will withhold this privilege from me, public enemies as we yet are. I shall not humiliate myself by a further denial than is conveyed by the resentment I have just expressed, at the mere suggestion of my complicity in a deed from which every sentiment of my moral nature revolts. I will simply conclude, with what I presume has given rise to the use of my name in this connection.



On Thursday, the 13th ult., there appeared in the afternoon papers, a telegraphic report of an order of Major Gen. Weitzell, consenting to the convocation of the General Assembly of Virginia, at Richmond, accompanied by an invitation to prominent and other citizens of the State for the purpose of conferring as to the most eligible mode of restoring peace, and generously proffering safe conduct to and from the City, to all who desired to answer the call in person. Feeling naturally the deepest interest in so important a movement, affecting the future of my fellow-citizens in Virginia, and desiring to contribute my humble influence to so laudable an end, I at once telegraphed Mr. Secretary Seward substantially as follows:

MONTREAL, 13th April, 1865.

HON. WM. H. SEWARD,  
Secretary of State, etc.,  
Washington, D. C.

I perceive in this afternoon's papers a call for the assembling of the members of the Virginia Legislature and other citizens in Richmond; and I have the honor to request permission to proceed thither, under, and subject to, the conditions set forth in General Weitzell's order. Please answer.

(Signed) BEVERLEY TUCKER.

The next day was Good Friday, and as this is strictly observed in all Her Majesty's dominions as a sacred holy day, the telegraph offices were closed, and I expected no reply until the Saturday. Upon opening the morning journal, however, I found the telegraphic report of the assassination of the President, and the attempt upon the lives of Secretary Seward and his son. No one in this community could have been more shocked by this announcement than myself. Of course I received no answer to my dispatch, and know nothing to this day, of the manner in which it was received. It is perhaps fortunate that I did not obtain the consent of the Secretary to go on, as in that case, I should have arrived in Washington, the day succeeding the tragic occurrence, and as your correspondent coolly suggests, should have paid the penalty with my life, by mob violence, for having entered the United States, *notwithstanding I should have had the permit of the authorities at Washington?*

Such, Sir, is my reply, to the paragraph of your "Occasional Correspondent," which I am sure your sense of justice, even to a political and public enemy, will impel you to insert.

I am, very respectfully,  
Your obedient servant,

BEVERLEY TUCKER.

MONTREAL, May 4th, 1865.

*To the President of the United States.*

SIR,—I see by your proclamation of May 2nd that you recite that there is evidence in the “*Bureau of Military Justice*” that I “*incited, concerted, and procured*” the assassination of the late President Lincoln, and the attempts upon the lives of Secretary Seward and his son. If furnished a copy of that evidence, I pledge myself to disprove it, and every obligation of honor, honesty, civilization, and Christianity should impel you to order it to be sent to me here.

Your obdt. servt.,

BEVERLEY TUCKER.

---

MONTREAL, May 4th, 1865.

*To the President of the United States.*

SIR,—I see by your proclamation of May 2nd, that you recite that there is evidence in the “*Bureau of Military Justice*” that I “*incited, concerted, and procured*” the assassination of the late President Lincoln, and the attempts upon the lives of Secretary Seward and his son. If furnished a copy of such evidence, I pledge myself to disprove it; and every obligation of honor, honesty, civilization, and Christianity, should impel you to order it to be sent to me here.

Your obdt. servt.,

BEVERLEY TUCKER.

The foregoing is a copy of a letter I have written to President Johnson, and which I have thought proper to send you.

Respectfully, &c.,

BEVERLEY TUCKER.

HON. E. M. STANTON,

Secretary of War, Washington City.

Returned, and officially endorsed,

*“Receipt declined.”*

---

*To the People of Canada.*

MONTREAL, 4th May, 1865.

I have this moment seen the Proclamation of Andrew Johnson, acting President of the United States, stating that “it appears from evidence in the Bureau of Military Justice that the atrocious murder of the late President, Abraham Lincoln, and the attempted assassination of the Hon. W. H. Seward, Secretary of State, was incited, concerted and procured by and between Jefferson Davis, late of Richmond, Va., and Jacob Thompson, Clement C. Clay, Beverley Tucker, George N. Sanders, W. C. Cleary,

and others, rebels and traitors against the Government of the United States, harbored in Canada," and offering rewards for the apprehension of the accused, \$25,000 being the sum offered for my arrest. It is scarcely possible that such proclamation would have been issued unless some such "evidence" has been adduced. What such "evidence" is I am totally at a loss to conjecture. I am compelled, therefore, to content myself with the declaration that whosoever hath sworn to anything authorising in the slightest degree suspicion of my having "incited, concerted or procured," or of any knowledge whatever by me of the attacks made on the President and Mr. Seward, or any acts or projects of a kindred character, or of any plan to kidnap or capture either of them, or any of the Federal authorities, *hath blackened his soul with diabolical perjury*. Until information reached here of the attack on President Lincoln by Mr. J. Wilkes Booth and that on Mr. Seward by some other person, I did not know that any such person as J. Wilkes Booth existed. I had never heard of him before. I do not know any of the persons in arrest at Washington and never heard of them till I read the notices in the U. S. newspapers of their apprehension. I have within a day or two past made enquiry and ascertained that Mr. Booth left St. Lawrence Hall, Montreal, on the 27th Oct. last. The officers of the Ontario Bank state that on that day he purchased of the bank a Bill on England for £61 21s 1d, for which he paid in American Gold, and at the same time made a deposit of \$355 Canada money, which yet remains to his credit, and that he stated he intended to run the blockade. Whether he made such attempt, or went into the U. States by railroad, I have not ascertained.

The clerks in the St. Lawrence Hall inform me that he arrived at the house on the 18th of October, being here nine days. I was not in Montreal during the time. My association with the other gentlemen named in this atrocious proclamation has been intimate for years, and I admit it would be strange, if they had any knowledge of Mr. Booth's purposes, that I should be in utter ignorance of it.

I have to-day appealed to President Johnson and Secretary Stanton to allow me copies of the alleged "evidence," with respect to myself, to give me a chance to disprove it.

BEVERLEY TUCKER.

---

MONTREAL, May 4th, 1865.

TO ANDREW JOHNSON,

President of the United States.

SIR,—Your proclamation is a living, burning lie, known to be such by yourself and your artful surroundings;—and all the hired perjurers in Christendom shall not deter us from exhibiting to the civilized world your hellish plot to murder our patriot, Christian President, Jefferson Davis.

We recognize in many of your most distinguished generals, men of honor, and we do not believe their association even with you, can so

brutalize them as to prevent their doing justice to a public enemy under such grave charges. Be this as it may, we challenge you to select any nine of the twenty-six Generals that we name, to form a Court Martial for our trial, to be convened at the United States Fort, Rouse's Point, or any other place, that you may not have the power to incite the mob to destroy us *en route*. Generals Scott, Grant, Sherman, Meade, Rosecrans, Howard, Burnside, Hooker, Schofield, Wright, Dix, Cadwallader, Emory, Blair, Pleasanton, Logan, Steele, Peck, Hatch, Franklin, Rodman, Alexander, Carr, Reynolds, and Meagher. The money that you have so prodigally offered to have the neutrality of an unoffending neighboring State violated by the unwarrantable seizure of our persons, to be handed over to defray the professional and other expenses of our trial, to the lawyers that we shall designate, and who are in no wise to be prejudiced by appearing in our defence. Our witnesses also, to have the fullest protection, and upon our acquittal of the charges preferred against us, we to be permitted to return under safe conduct.

In conclusion, we say we have no acquaintance whatever with Mr. Booth, or any of those alleged to have been engaged with him. We have never seen or had any knowledge in any wise of him or them,—he never wrote *us* a *note*,—he never sought an *interview* with *us*.

GEO. N. SANDERS.

BEVERLEY TUCKER.

(Copy.)

---

MONTREAL, May 6th, 1865.

MY LORD,—I have the honor herewith to enclose for your Excellency's information and perusal, the extraordinary proclamation of Andrew Johnson, President of the United States of America, together with three communications which I have addressed in reply thereto, respectively to Hon. Horace Greeley, Editor *Tribune*, to "the People of Canada," and, in conjunction with Mr. G. N. Sanders, to the President of the United States; to all of which I beg leave respectfully to invite your Excellency's impartial consideration.

I have the honor to be,  
With high respect,  
Your Excellency's most obdt. humble servt.,

BEVERLEY TUCKER.

To His Excellency Lord Mon[c]k,  
Governor General, &c., &c.

The receipt of the above was obligingly acknowledged.



(Copy.)

MONTREAL, C. E., May 4th, 1865.

SIR,—I take the liberty of addressing you this note, in reference to a Proclamation, bearing date 2nd of May, 1865, which appears in this morning's papers, in which my name, among others, is mentioned as having had complicity with or knowledge of the assassination of President Lincoln, and the attempts upon the lives of Secretary Seward and his son.

I beg to enclose you a letter which I addressed on the 25th of April ult. to the Hon. Horace Greeley, editor of the New York *Tribune*, in reply to a similar charge, by one of its correspondents. I had indulged the hope that this letter would have put at rest so atrocious and groundless an allegation. In this I am disappointed, and I merely write to you as the ambassador of England at Washington, to reiterate the sentiments contained in the letter referred to, and further to state, without mental reservation, that I not only had no knowledge or suspicion—even the vaguest—of the conspiracy, but that it so happens I had never heard the name of J. Wilkes Booth, never saw it written or in print until the day after the assassination of Mr. Lincoln.

Furthermore, I will state that I am perfectly willing to submit to yourself (and the Colonial authorities here) all the official papers and correspondence I have had with the Confederate States Government since I left Richmond in January 1864, from which it will be seen that the statements in my letter are fully maintained.

I have the honor to be,  
Your Excellency's  
Most obdt. servt.,

BEVERLEY TUCKER.

To His Excellency  
Sir Frederick Bruce,  
British Ambassador, Washington City, U. S. A.  
&c., &c., &c.

---

(Copy.)

MONTREAL, May 10th, 1865.

Hon. WM. H. SEWARD,  
Secretary of State,  
Washington City, D. C.

DEAR SIR,—I see by the reports of your surgeon that you and your son are convalescing from the terrible wounds so diabolically inflicted upon you, and I beg you to believe that I am sincerely gratified that it is so.

Let one of the first acts of your convalescence be one of *justice*, even to a political enemy. I do not ask mercy of any earthly being. I supplicate the benefits of this quality only of my God. I am charged with a most horrible crime,—one against which every sentiment of my moral nature revolts. A

price has been set upon my head, and pains taken to brand me as a criminal guilty of this deed and flying from justice, not only on this continent but in Europe. I did not believe that this proclamation received your sanction at the time, and the public journals in the United States seem to justify this conclusion. Why will you not then, use your influence to procure me a fair trial? If the terms named in the joint letter of Mr. Sanders and myself do not meet favor, let others be submitted. I can not only establish my entire innocence, but if permitted, can prove to the satisfaction, even of my *worst* enemies, that my sojourn here has been marked by no solitary act of a violent character. My communications to yourself bear out the correctness of this assertion. My telegram to you on the 13th of April, only *the day before* the terrible tragedies, shows an *animus* not only free from all mischievous intent, but entirely respectful to yourself. I have a family who are very dear to me—and an extensive acquaintance at home and abroad, whose good esteem and respect I greatly value. Common humanity simply, demands that I have an opportunity before a fair tribunal to acquit myself and my name of this grievous and atrocious charge.

Hoping yourself and son, may soon be entirely restored,

I am very respectfully,  
Your obdt. servt.,

BEVERLEY TUCKER.

To this I have received no response.

---

*To the People of Europe.*

MONTREAL, C. E., 12th May, 1865.

The mendacious and ferocious proclamation of the 2nd May, 1865, from the Federal Ruler, reddens and disgraces a page of American history.

Thirsting for blood, and uneasy in his new-found power, the semi-elected President of the disorganized “United” States, with the harpies that surround him, seeks by the mysterious cloud of concerted calumny, to distract the world’s attention from a too-ready penetration of his schemes for the murder of our Chief, elected by the chivalrous South with the highest forms of civil government.

The “conclusive” evidence that the Federal organs claim to have been sent to Europe can be only forged papers and suborned testimony, that will shrivel before the fire of truth.

Upon the 19th of April, the *New York Times* had the malignant satisfaction of being the first to connect my name with the assassination; and upon the 20th I made the following reply:—

*To the People of the City of New York.*

Whilst your country is in the deepest mourning, and intensely excited in all its parts, the editor of the *New York Times*, calmly sitting in his

room takes cowardly advantage, and satanically charges innocent persons, political opponents, with the highest of crimes. His fiendish words are but a degree less criminal than the act of the assassin.

So confident am I, of the enlightened and impartial justice of the people of New York City, that I will, with the permission of the authorities of the United States, go at once to that city, and give the cowardly wretch, the opportunity to prove his infamous charge.

My "circular letter" that has excited the ire of this incendiary fanatic, asks for but slight alteration in the constitution of the United States, intended as a small offering to the South, without prejudice to any Northern interest whatever, and I cannot imagine how there can be any sane man in the North, that would not gladly yield so little to have a satisfied South.

When the strife of battle shall be over, and time given for the sober second thought of the North, the development will have been such that all will see and realize the fact that it is utterly impossible to hold the South under degrading or unequal terms, beyond the opportunity.

GEO. N. SANDERS.

MONTREAL, 20th April, 1865.

Such an offer at that excited period was at least *prima facie* evidence of my non-complicity in the plot. I sent printed copies to President Johnson and Secretary Seward. Much publicity was also given to it by the Northern Press. Yet, notwithstanding this frank and earnest offer on my part, the Washington Government, twelve days thereafter, issue a proclamation gratuitously offering twenty-five thousand dollars to have me kidnapped in Canada.

The truth is, the real object was not so much the persons of certain men in Canada, but the use of their names for the manufacture of a net-work of conspiracy in which to enmesh President Davis' reputation, and consign him to the bloody hands of Federal detectives at the first moment of his capture, without shocking the public sense of Europe by a formal political execution.

GEO. N. SANDERS.

---

MONTREAL, Canada, May 22, 1865.

TO TITUS OATES HOLT,

Judge Advocate of the United States. Care of  
E. M. STANTON, Sec. of War and co-conspirator,  
Washington, D. C.

SIR,—The accompanying papers exhibit but a sample of the character of the villains, whose evidence you are imposing upon the world, to implicate the Confederate Government and people in the assassination of President Lincoln.



The plastic Deveney, suborned by your agents and moulded by your crafty hand, only gives utterance to the false words dictated by your serpent tongue. The man Wheeler, whom you have had on the stand, will prove to have been as unscrupulous and supple a tool as Deveney.

If there be an honest man on your partizan radical court-martial, he will force you to show evidence of the honorable standing of your *strange* witnesses,—the observant world will scrutinize the testimony of the venal monsters now flocking to Washington by land and sea—with facile mouths agape—eager to be crammed by you, their Patron Saint, with fresh calumny for the witness-box.

GEO. N. SANDERS.

The affidavits of M. Pillend, Proprietor of the U. S. Hotel, M. Gareau, Proprietor of the Gareau House, Mr. John Warren, Wholesale Tobacconist, on Notre Dame Street, Mr. Roberts, Proprietor of the Exchange Hotel, and Sergeant O'Leary, Detective of the Police Force of Montreal, already given extensively to the public through the daily journals of Canada and the United States, show Deveney one of the worst of men; an habitual liar, counterfeiter and thief, and guilty of the grossest immoralities. The credit and respectability of the witnesses against him is solemnly attested by His Honor the Mayor of Montreal.

(Copy.)

MONTREAL, C. E., 24th May, 1865.

To His Excellency LORD MONCK,  
Governor Gen. of the Canadas:

MY LORD,—As my continuation under the neutrality protection of Her Britannic Majesty's Government, makes it proper that I should vindicate myself by dissipating, as they emanate from the Federal "Bureau of Justice," the charges against me of infringement upon the just claims of international hospitality, I again invoke your courteous attention, enclosing affidavits and protest, which will, I hope, break one link in the chain now forging in the Star Chamber at Washington.

I have the honor to be,  
Your Lordship's  
Most humble and obt. servant,

(Signed)

GEO. N. SANDERS.

Brevet Major Gen. WILSON, U. S. A.,  
Macon, Ga.

LA GRANGE, GA., May 10, 4 P. M.

GENERAL,—I have just seen a proclamation from the President of the United States offering a reward of one hundred thousand dollars for my

arrest on the charge of having with others therein named incited and concocted the murder of the late President. Conscious of my innocence, unwilling ever to leave or to fly from justice, and confident of my entire vindication from so foul an imputation upon the full, fair and impartial trial which I expect to receive, I shall go as soon as practicable to Macon to deliver myself up to your custody.

I am, respectfully,

(Signed) C. C. CLAY, Jr.

P. S.—This will be delivered by Hon. P. Phillips of this place.

\_\_\_\_\_  
(Signed) C. C. CLAY, Jr.

Confederate General Edwin G. Lee in answer to Secretary Stanton's despatch of 24th April, asserting that the assassination plot "was organized in Canada and approved in Richmond,[""] forcibly says:—

"In denying it indignantly, contemptuously, I fear that I am even in my own humble person condescending too far, \* \* our past record would have been its best rebuke."













UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA  
973.7L63DT79A C001  
ADDRESS OF BEVERLEY TUCKER, ESQ., TO THE



3 0112 031808469